THE BIRD-MAN

Words by
IDA HAMILTON MUNSELL

Music by
JESSIE W. KENT

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COMPLIMENTARY

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THE BIRD-MAN

1. The Bird-man's a new kind of creature;
An up-to-date, grand Superman.
As brave as they make 'em, and braver,
For he goes where no one else can.
He soars, and spins, does a hundred things
Which we view with bated breath,–
This Bird man, proud of his silver wings,–
Who fights daily duels with Death.

CHORUS.

Ah- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
I love all the boys in the Army,
And those in the Navy's blue,
I love them East, I love them West;
I love their Victories too!
But, Oh my heart beats loudest,
And my pulses leap most high,
Whenever I think of the Bird-man,
The Bird-man, whose home is the sky.

2. The Bird-man who thinks not of danger;–
Prays only the game well to play,–
And asks for the heart of a stoic,
As he sails in his ship each day.
Who sees not that death follows after his prey
And watches each dizzying spin,
But looks to the God of his childhood,
To help him new Victories to win.

CHORUS.

3. His home is the sky, Ah, he loves it!
Watch him taxi, rise, and away;
Hark to the roar of the engine,
Up where massed clouds are at play.
In Life and in Death–in grim Combat,–
For all these he risks, when up high,
The Pilot is "game," and a very "good sport,"
The Bird-man, whose home is the sky.

CHORUS.

4. But now that the war is all over,
And some of our boys are at home
The Bird-man can't lie down in clover
Still trackless sky paths he must roam.
He crosses the ocean, He fly's o'er the land;
Withthe mail from June until May,
He's a hero, filling his Country's demand,
A Hero who's with us to stay.–

CHORUS.

Ida Hamilton Munsell.

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Music by
JESSIE W. KENT.

The Bird-man's a new kind of crea-ture;— An up-to-date, grand Sup-er-man.—
The Bird-man who thinks not of dan-ger;— Prays on-ly the game well to play;—

As brave as they make 'em, and brav-er,— For he goes where no one else can.—
And asks for the heart of a sto-ic,— As he sails in his ship— each day.—

He soars, and spins, does a hun-dred
Who sees not that death fol-lows aft-er his

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things Which we view with ba - ted breath;— This Bird - man,
prey And watch-es each diz - zy - ing spin,— But looks to the

proud of his sil - ver wings,- Who fights dai - ly duels with Death.
God of his child - - hood, To help him new vict'ries to win.

REFRAIN.

Ah— I love all the boys in the Arm - y,— And those in the

Na - vy's blue.— I love— them East, I love— them

West; I love their Vic - t'ries too! ____ But, Oh ___ my

heart beats loud - - est, And my pul - ses leap most high, ____

____ When - ev - er I think of the Bird - - man, The Bird - man, whose

home is the sky. ____ Ah ___ I sky. ____

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